THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

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Memoirs of Frederick William III. King of Pruſſia.

PRUSSIA, formerly a fief of Poland, and but lately created a kingdom, by the brilliant genius and conſtant fortune of one individual, has become one of the firſt ſtates in Europe. Frederick II. by victories, often ſtained by injuſtice, and by an adminiſtration always prudent, increaſed his power, and the means to preſerve, if not to augment it. His nephew and ſucceſſor, Frederick William II. deſtitute of talents as well as of virtues, made up by activity what was wanting in genius; an almoſt incredible compound of the love of eaſe and of intrigue, with an equal paſſion for the luxuries of the haram and the fatigues of the camp, nothing ſeemed too little or too great for the graſp of his inconſiſtent ambition; he bequeathed, therefore, to his ſon and ſucceſſor, the limits of his dominions, extended by the ruins of Poland, with a proſpect to extend them yet more, by the rubbiſh of Germany.

Frederick William II. aſcended the throne in 1798, with all poſſible advantage. Auſtria was weakened; and a crown, ſo lately ducal, was enabled to rival the ſplendour of the imperial diadem; Ruſſia and England courted his alliance, whilſt France, by money, promiſes, and intrigues, aſked nothing but his neutrality. All Europe waited with an anxious ſuſpenſe for his determination; loyalty, order, and religion, hoped every thing from his youth, from his rank, and from his former ſentiments; but rebellion triumphed; a king liſtened to the perhaps not diſintereſted Machiaveliſm of his miniſters, and became the ally of regicides, who, after murdering their own king, yearly ſwore hatred to royalty, and avowedly plotted the deſtruction of all thrones, and the eſtabliſhment of an univerſal republic. It is true, by this ſelfiſh, if not degrading, policy, Frederick Wil-

liam III. followed only the ruling maxims of the houſe of Brandenburg.

In 1799, the Pruſſian monarch had an opportunity, as advantageous as honourable, to retrieve what he had loſt in the opinion of a virtuous public by a connection with guilt in 1798; and, to gratify his ambition or avarice, his love of power or of money, and at the ſame time to fulfil what was due to his birth, to his family, to his ſubjects, and to the civilized world. By joining his arms with thoſe of England and Ruſſia in Holland, when the arms of loyalty were victorious in Italy, Germany, and Switzerland, and factions and civil wars diſtracted the country of rebellion, he might have reſtored his near relative, the Prince of Orange, to his hereditary rights; cruſhed the revolutionary monſter in France; and been juſtly revered as the defender, if not as the ſaviour, of the liberties of Europe. Engliſh ſubſidies would have enriched his treaſury, and German provinces, not from the polluted ſource of uſurpation, but from the grateful hands of a liberal policy, would have added new ſtrength to the Pruſſian monarchy.

This young prince had beſides perſonal inſults, as a king, to revenge. The directory had the audacity to ſend him as a repreſentative of the French republic, the notorious regicide Sieyes. Thoſe counſellors or favourites who adviſed him, not only not to reſent the affront, but to admit into his preſence, into his cloſet, and to his table, this crafty criminal, were fools or traitors, and not the friends either of monarchs or monarchy. The conduct of his ableſt and moſt reſpected veteran generals, on this occaſion, muſt have convinced him that, notwithſtanding what Haugwitz ſaid to the contrary, a murderer of one king was not in his place, at the court of another, becauſe they all declined Sieyes's fraternity: although he was permitted to fraterniſe with their ſovereign. But unfortunately this was not the laſt complaint of loyalty, nor the laſt victory of diſaffection and rebellion in Pruſſia. The reception of Louis Bonaparte in 1800, and the honour ſhewn to this brother of an aſſaſſin and poiſoner, who had uſurped the throne of his king, was afflicting, not only to the loyal, but cauſed even treachery itſelf to bluſh.

Foreign governments are greatly in error, when they continue to regard with the ſame reſpect, the preſent Pruſſian army, as that which, forty years ago, gathered ſo many laurels. Since that period, it is true, it conquered Holland in one campaign in 1787, with the loſs of two hundred and ninety men; but it was defeated in 1792 by the French patriots; and in 1794 by the Poliſh; and the honourable conqueſt of Hanover in 1801, coſt the lives of fifty horſes only. It is an heterogenous compoſition of ſeveral nations, deluded ſtrangers, and many kidnapped foreigners; of Pruſſians enliſted againſt their will and inclination; of Poles, who look upon the Pruſſians as their oppreſſors;

preſſors; of Weſtphalians and Sileſians attached to Auſtria, and who hate the Pruſſians even more than the French.

Of all countries in Germany, Pruſſia is the moſt civilized; but, during the great Frederick's reign, its religion was undermined; and the example of his ſucceſſor perverted its morals. It is, therefore, not improbable, that the equality which the preſent king has accepted with rebellion and uſurpation in France, will give the *coup de grace* to loyalty in Pruſſia. Pruſſian ſubaltern officers, with twenty pounds a year, when they ſee their king's fraternity with an upſtart, who, ten years ago, was not more than themſelves, and had not more pay, are they not encouraged to aſpire in their turn to become Pruſſian Bonapartes, or Pruſſian firſt conſuls? particularly when they know that their king, not only approves of the French rebellion, but has tried to make it permanent, by the ill-adviſed, impolitic, and humiliating propoſal to Louis XVIII. to renounce his hereditary right in favour of a cruel tyrant, the uſurper of the throne of his anceſtors? There exiſts, however a great reſemblance between the Pruſſian and the preſent French government. Both are military, both ſubſiſt by the favour, and by the power of bayonets, and are therefore alike unſtable, alike dangerous, and alike oppreſſive, and the more or leſs happineſs of their reciprocal ſubjects depends entirely upon the temper and character of their chiefs; and if in Pruſſia more real liberty is enjoyed than in France, it is becauſe the good, but perhaps weak, Frederick III. is more humane and juſt than the unfeeling atrocious Bonaparte the Firſt.

Frederick William III. is married to a beautiful and accompliſhed princeſs of the houſe of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz, a near relative to our beloved queen; but, according to report, more inclined for France than for England. The individual character of the king is ſuch as would do honour to the moſt dutiful, affectionate, and tender of all ſons, fathers, huſbands, or brothers. His morals are pure; and it would make his miniſters, courtiers, and ſubjects, not only reſpected, but happy, were they to take their ſovereign for their model.

Whilſt the Corſican uſurper never dares to ſtir out without a numerous protection of his armed banditti, the lawful Pruſſian monarch walks out every day for ſome hours unеſcorted, attended only by an aid-de-camp, or accompanied by one of his brothers, and his ſubjects may approach him, not only without fear, but with confidence. The ſimplicity and regularity of his life exhibit a ſtriking contraſt with that of his father and predeceſſor; and are by ſome thought a reflection upon it. The order and economy of his reign, whilſt the profuſion and extravagance of the laſt are yet freſh in remembrance, are blamed by many, at leaſt at Berlin, who look upon them as littleneſs and unbecoming coveteouſneſs in a great and rich prince, whoſe love

of money, when young, they fear will with age increaſe, and become avarice—a paſſion that diſhonoured the great Frederick, his grand uncle, whom the preſent king, in many things, deſires to imitate. In revolutionary times, the extremities, both of plainneſs and of ſhew, ſhould be avoided by princes; becauſe the former brings about a dangerous familiarity, and a deſtructive equality; and the latter gives diſaffection an opportunity to repeat its hackneyed complaints of the expences of kings.

The education of the Prince-royal of Pruſſia, truſted to the care of a perſon, ſon and brother of a baker, may make him a learned pedant, but not a prince of an elevated mind, with elegant and dignified manners, ſo neceſſary to impoſe upon the vulgar, and to command admiration in a military government. All perſons obtaining the honour of being preſented to his preſent Pruſſian majeſty, obſerve a certain timidity, no doubt the conſequence of ill-choſen early inſtructors. In the 19th century, it is more political to make audacity than timidity hereditary in the families of ſovereigns.

Though the Pruſſian miniſters have annual ſalaries not amounting to a thouſand pounds, foreigners have frequented their ſplendid entertainments, honoured even by the preſence of their king, and the royal family, of which the expences could hardly be leſs than their incomes; and as few of them poſſeſſed any great property when appointed to their high ſtations, they muſt either be in debt, or not quite diſintereſted—and perhaps both. The ſuppers of Counts Schoulenbourg and Haugwitz, in 1800, were certainly more ſumptuous than the dinners of Frederick William III.

ELIZA LASCELLS: A TALE.

(Continued from Page 67.)

AFTER endeavouring to ſooth the feelings of this unfortunate mother, in which friendly office he had at length the good fortune to ſucceed, he mounted his horſe, rode to the firſt town, and waited until the ſetting off of the ſtage. Upon his arrival in London, he had the mortification of hearing that Sir Charles Charlton was at Richmond, and would not return until the following day; and, upon inquiring for his ſon, he was informed by the ſervants that he ſet off a ſhort time before, to make the tour of Wales. Nothing therefore could be done until Sir Charles's arrival; time ſeemed to move with additional weight, but, at the hour mentioned by Sir Charles's domeſtics, he had the pleaſure of hearing he was returned.

When the baronet was firſt made acquainted with his ſon's deceptious conduct, his rage and indignation knew no bounds; but,

but, when he was cool enough to hear reaſon, and diſcovered that the object of his affection was the very being who had called forth his admiration, grief and regret predominated over rage.

"I fear," ſaid Sir Charles, "that he has ſeduced, inſtead of marrying her; for I am ſorry, Mr. Herbert, to tell you, he is capable of any baſe deſign; and his extravagance has been ſuch, that he has frequently told me, he muſt have a woman of fortune for a wife."—So young, and yet ſo artful!" ſighed forth Mr. Herbert! "I never in my life was ſo completely deceived; his conduct, when with me, appeared irreproachable, and I hope, Sir Charles, he is not the villain you conceive."—"It is you who have been deceived, Sir," replied the baronet dejectedly, "as theſe letters will too completely prove:" ſo ſaying, he opened a drawer of his writing-deſk, and ſeveral letters from two farmers in Mr. Herbert's neighbourhood were produced. They repreſented Edward Charlton as the deſtroyer of their daughters' honour, each having proved a mother nearly at the ſame time, and as they knew marriage of courſe would be out of the queſtion, they implored Sir Charles, as a man of honour, to take the charge of the children. To this requeſt it ſeems he had conſented, and, in delicacy to the ill-fated young women, the affair was concealed; but the apprehenſions of Mr. Herbert were greatly augmented by the conviction which the peruſal of theſe letters inſtantly gave.

"He ſhall marry her, I ſwear by Heaven!" exclaimed Sir Charles in a firm accent! "but how are we to diſcover them? for I do not believe they are in Wales;" at that moment the door opened, and Sir George Freelove, an intimate friend of Edward's, unceremoniouſly entered the room. The countenance of both gentlemen diſplayed evident emotion, which this diſſipated young man inſtantly perceived; and believing that Sir Charles had come to the knowledge of Edward's elopement, he ſaid, "You ſeem uneaſy, my dear Sir; have you heard any thing that has alarmed you reſpecting your ſon?"—"Can you give me any intelligence that you think likely to diſperſe the impreſſion?" replied the baronet; "tell me, Sir George, is he, or is he not, a married man?"—"Married!" rejoined the thoughtleſs Freelove, in a tone of aſtoniſhment; "why, my dear Sir Charles, did you really believe he would be guilty of ſuch a piece of folly as that?"—"I actually was told that he had obtained a ſpecial licence, and that he had married a young lady in the vicinity of York, and that himſelf and the partner of his affection were at this time making the tour of South Wales."—"Well then, my dear Sir, I can ſet your mind at tranquillity, and tell you that he is now at a ſnug little cottage not thirty miles from York: the object of his tenderneſs certainly is with him, but I aſſure you he has not an idea of going

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into Wales. The girl, I find, has had an old-fashioned education, and, though loving him to distraction, marriage was the constant theme, so Edward, by way of putting her into good humour, persuaded Tom Bullard to perform the solemn functions of a priest: but in love, as well as war, manœuvres of all kinds are allowable, and marriage, I assure you, never entered Ned's mind." So eager was he to exculpate his friend from the crime of matrimony, that he paid no attention to the effect which his conversation produced; but when he came to the last sentence, his eyes were directed toward Mr. Herbert, whose countenance was expressive both of horror and surprise. The idea that he was the father of his friend's mistress struck him, and, shocked at the disclosure he had made, he hurried out of the room, stammering out an apology for just recollecting an engagement, which he was fearful he should not be able to keep.

"Great God! what iniquity prevails in this metropolis;" exclaimed Mr. Herbert, while tears of sympathy for the fate of Eliza trembled in his eyes. "Poor deluded girl, and still more unfortunate mother of her, how shall I have courage to communicate this iniquitous tale!"—"We must bury it in our bosoms," replied the worthy Sir Charles Charlton; "and, above all, the victim of his perfidy must be for ever a stranger to his crimes. I will order the carriage immediately; you must procure a licence, and, with the hints we have had from Freelove, we shall easily discover their retreat." The licence was procured; four post horses ordered, and the worthy pair proceeded with the utmost rapidity toward York, and, when they came within thirty miles of that city, they left their carriage at an inn, and reconnoitred all the picturesque cottages on foot. For three days they unsuccessfully made their researches, and, on the fourth, moved their quarters to the other side of York, and, at the first inn, they stopped to make the necessary inquiries, they heard that a gentleman and lady of the name of Larchton lived about two miles from the house. Upon drawing a comparison between the letters which formed the names of Charlton and Larchton, it was easy to discover they were exactly the same; therefore no doubt remained upon the minds of the travellers that they had discovered the objects of whom they were in search. They learned from the landlord of the inn, that the house had been taken by Sir George Freelove; that the lady and gentleman who inhabited it were his friends, and that, from the time of their coming to it, they had never even walked to the neighbouring town.

Sir Charles instantly desired dinner to be prepared for them, and a post chaise to be at the door at half past eight. He then waited upon the clergyman of the parish, and requested at half past eight the next morning, the use of his church. The car-

riage was at the door at the time it had been ordered; the ſhades of evening began to cloſe; but they alighted about a hundred yards from the elegant little dwelling where unſuſpicious innocence and villainy repoſed. Knocking ſoftly at the door, it was opened by Edward's valet, whoſe pallid countenance evinced terror and ſurpriſe, "Not a word, Sir," ſaid Sir Charles, in a low but decided accent: "Return to the kitchen, while I go to my ſon." The terrified man inſtantly obeyed the mandate, while Sir Charles and Mr. Herbert approached the parlour door, and opening it with the greateſt precaution, beheld Edward ſleeping upon a ſofa, while the countenance of Eliza was bathed in tears. An involuntary ſhriek from the deluded fair one rouſed Edward from the attitude in which he had reclined; but, when the perſons of his father and Mr. Herbert were preſented before him, his embarraſſment was ſo great that he was unable to ſpeak.

"Save me, my Edward, from the reſentment of your father!" exclaimed the agitated Eliza, clinging round her ſuppoſed huſband's arm. "Be not apprehenſive, my dear Madam," ſaid Sir Charles in a ſoft accent; "my reſentment, I aſſure you, is wholly confined to my ſon. For half an hour, Mr. Herbert, I will place Mrs. Charlton under your protection, and at our return I hope to have the pleaſure of finding her more compoſed. Come, Sir," continued he, taking the arm of Edward, "I have a few words to repeat to your private ear." Sir Charles waited not for a reply to this declaration, but led his ſon out of the room, and when they had got to a diſtance, where their voices could not be diſtinguiſhed, he addreſſed him in the following words:—"And is it thus, Sir, you fulfil the duty you owe your father? Is it thus you fulfil the engagement you have formed with the daughter of my friend? Have you not times innumerable told me, that you muſt marry a woman of fortune and rank?"—"I know I have, Sir Charles," replied the embarraſſed Edward; "and, at a future period, I mean to fulfil your deſires: Miſs Lexington can never know of this little piece of gallantry, and my apology to you muſt be the ſuperiority of Eliza's charms."—"Are you not married then?" inquired the baronet, appearing ignorant of the circumſtance. "No, Sir, I am not, I aſſure you, upon my ſoul."—"Villain," exclaimed Sir Charles, "deteſtable villain, upon one condition only will I ever acknowledge you for my ſon. Young you are in years but old in iniquity; and I grieve that ſo amiable a girl as Miſs Lafcells ſhould have made ſuch a choice; but her character muſt be preſerved, though I fear her happineſs will be ſacrificed, and before nine o'clock to morrow morning you ſhall make her your wife." Edward was now going to interrupt his father: "Silence, Sir," ſaid he, "for I will not receive a reply; it is not merely ſufficient that you marry her, and that in

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my preſence, but you muſt ſwear in the moſt ſacred manner, ſhe ſhall never know of your deceit. There are but few perſons who are acquainted with your iniquitous project—your ſervants, the woman who waits upon your pretended wife, and the villain who dared to take upon him a ſacred function, and became the agent of a moſt deteſtable crime; the two former I ſhall ſend abroad immediately; if they preſerve the ſecret, I will grant them an annuity for life; but, if they betray it, the laws of their country ſhall puniſh them, and I need not tell you they are pretty ſevere in ſuch a caſe. As to that villain Bullard, I know how to bind him to ſecrecy, for he has been guilty of an act that puts his very life in my power; and it would equally ruin the character of Sir George Freelove, if it was known that he had aided ſuch an iniquitous deſign. To account to the ill-fated girl for my chuſing to ſee the marriage celebrated, I have requeſted Mr. Herbert to tell her, that private unions are improper where the children are likely to become heirs to great eſtates, as they not only lead to litigious diſputes frequently, but involve the parties in unneceſſary expence."

(To be continued.)

Natural Hiſtory of the Water Spout of Geyſer, in Iceland.*

THERE is not perhaps a ſpot upon earth where natural phenomena are more numerous, grand, and various than in the iſland of Iceland, yet the rigour of its northern climate, its inſular ſituation, and the dangers attending the inveſtigation of the effects of volcanoes and ſubterraneous fires, have hitherto prevented the examination of its natural curioſities with the minuteneſs which they deſerved. One of the moſt remarkable of theſe curioſities, and which has always commanded the admiration both of the native and the ſtranger, is the water ſpout of Geyſer, which, with ſeveral others of inferior note, is found in the neighbourhood of Scalholt, the capital of the iſland.

Mr. Olafsen, a native of Iceland, and member of the academy of ſciences at Copenhagen, who lately viſited Geyſer with a ſcientific friend, has furniſhed us with the following particulars relative to this ſingular ſpring:

"At the moment of our arrival at Geyſer, the water filled the baſon, and overflowed on all ſides. Immediately after a ſubterraneous noiſe was heard, which was the ſignal for the ruſhing of the water. In an inſtant it began to ſpout, but at this time roſe only to the height of about ſixty feet. The ſpouting ceaſed ſuddenly, and was frequently renewed at intervals of a few minutes. Its violence diminiſhed gradually, till the baſon was entirely

* Geyſer, in the Icelandic language, ſignifies an enraged madman.

entirely empty. In this ſituation it continued for a moment, but the vapour and heat of the crater (the water is boiling hot) prevented us from ſeeing the bottom. We contrived, however, by means of a plummet, to meaſure the depth of the baſon, which we found to be ſeventy-two feet. The diameter at the orifice was fifty-ſeven feet, and at or near the bottom only eighteen, ſo that it appeared to contract gradually and terminate in the form of a funnel. We again threw our plummet with the hope of ſounding ſome of the holes that afforded a paſſage to the water, at firſt gently and then with violence. No ſooner, however, had the lead reached the bottom, than a body of boiling water was ſpouted up from the rock, which fortunately did us no injury. Notwithſtanding this diſappointment, we threw it again, but another ſpout of water obliged us to retreat with precipitation.

"Our guide was dreadfully terrified, for it is the opinion of the Icelanders, that no man is permitted to examine theſe myſterious places, becauſe the powerful ſpirits who reſide in them, will puniſh the raſh mortal who attempts to dive into their ſecrets. But it is evident that the agitation of the air in the little openings at the bottom muſt derange the ordinary courſe of the water always ready to ſhoot up the moment the air is diſplaced. We ſeveral times renewed our attempts to find with the plummet the ſmall openings at the bottom, but in vain. Whether the lead was too large, the holes had a crooked direction, or from whatever other cauſe it proceeded, we were unable to decide.

"After the ſpoutings of which we have ſpoken, and thoſe occaſioned by our ſounding lead removing the air which obſtructed the paſſage of the water, the Geyſer continued tranquil during the whole night: the water roſe gradually, and the baſon was not full till four o'clock in the morning. We continued in the neighbourhood that we might have an opportunity of witneſsing the force of the ſpout, to aſcertain which we had thrown ſeveral flags and other ſtones into the baſon.

"At length the ſpoutings were announced by a hollow noiſe under our feet, like the reports of a cannon heard at a diſtance. Five reports ſucceeded each other, the ſecond louder than the firſt, the third than the ſecond, and ſo on, as if the cannon was gradually approaching. We, at the ſame time, felt the earth ſhake, as if about to ſwell and burſt. Immediately upon the ſixth report, the firſt ſpout was thrown, which roſe to a great height, and after that, every report was the ſignal for a new ſpout, in each of which the water was thrown to a greater height than in the preceding. The flags and ſtones which we had thrown into the baſon were darted up in a thouſand pieces, even to a greater height than the pillars of water which terminated always in a point. We had taken the precaution to ſtation our-

ſelves on the ſide from whence the wind blew, that we might not be incommoded by the thick ſmoke which would have obſtructed our view on the other ſide. From the commencement we had obſerved, that at every ſpout, the water which was in the baſon was raiſed, and by this motion overflowed on all ſides of the crater, but in a greater degree on the north ſide, where the water fell into a little valley and formed a rivulet, which at a conſiderable diſtance from the fountain-head preſerves ſuch a degree of heat, that the feet of thoſe animals who may inadvertently paſs through it are often ſeverely burnt.

"Theſe ſpoutings of the Geyſer which we witneſſed, were of the ſtrongeſt and moſt violent nature. Judging by the eye, the higheſt ſpouts did not altogether equal the height of the mountain of Langafell, which ſtands cloſe to the Geyſer. The elevation of this mountain is about ſeventy fathoms, ſo that the height of the higheſt ſpouts may be eſtimated at about ſixty fathoms. The ſurrounding inhabitants who are in the habit of obſerving the Geyſer affirm, however, that they have often ſeen the water thrown up to the full height of the ſummit of the mountain, and that when this happens, they always apprehend that rainy and ſtormy weather will follow. The ſpoutings continued in all about ten minutes, and there was an interval of three ſeconds between every ſubterraneous report by which the ſpoutings were announced: conſequently the total number at this time was about two hundred."

Its Nature and Quality.

With reſpect to the ſource of the Geyſer, whether the water which it ſpouts up comes from the neighbouring mountains or immediately from the ſea, nothing is known with certainty. The former opinion is the moſt antient, and perhaps the moſt rational, as the variations of the ſpoutings have no fixed period. There is a tradition, that before the preſent ſpring exiſted, there were other water ſpouts in the neighbourhood, called Geyſer on account of their ſingular violence, but that an earthquake deſtroyed theſe, and at the ſame time produced the water-ſpout now known by that name. Without undertaking to anſwer for the authenticity of this tradition, it may at leaſt be obſerved that it infers nothing incompatible with the nature of hot-ſprings in Iceland, which frequently change the ſituation of their vents. If the tradition could be relied upon, one might conclude from this circumſtance, that there is a ſubterraneous ſea under the cantons, about the mountain of Langafell, from which all the ſprings are derived, and the exceſſive heat which it manifeſts, would ſeem to prove that this territory incloſes a ſubterraneous fire which is generated in its bowels. This laſt opinion is corroborated by the teſtimony of ſeveral perſons, who affirm that they

they have often obſerved the Geyſer ſpout up flames and water at the ſame time.

The hot-water of Geyſer has alſo the property of petrifying, which may be aſcertained from the circumſtance that the ſtones found a little below the crater are filled with ſtalks of plants and little pieces of wood, entirely transformed into a hard and pale coloured ſtone. Even in the rock itſelf, from which the ſpring iſſues, there are found petrified ſtalks, and cloſe by it, different ſorts of wood, bones of ſheep, and the dung of horſes, transformed into a hard and whitiſh ſtone. In a petrifaction of ſome ſmall leaves of the birch tree, found in this place, the fibres were diſtinctly viſible.

There are ſeveral water ſpouts of inferior note near the ſpring of Geyſer, ſome of which have many remarkable properties. One of theſe, called Seyder, has been denominated a dry ſpring, becauſe its crater or tunnel contains no water, but emits a thick ſmoke, of which the heat is ſo intenſe, that the neighbours employ it to dreſs their food, either milk or fiſh. Victuals, according to the aſſertion of the inhabitants, are dreſſed here with as much facility as in the hot waters of the other ſprings, and they contract no ſtrange or ſmoky taſte during the proceſs. A ſingular fact has been alſo obſerved with reſpect to two other hot-wells in the neighbourhood of Geyſer, called Akrahver. In throwing the ſounding lead into one of them to meaſure its depth, the water inſtantly ſunk a foot and a quarter, while in the other, upon the ſame thing being repeated, the water overflowed on all ſides.

Theſe wells, together with ſeveral others, have been rendered famous by the aſſertions of ſeveral people, who affirmed that they ſaw birds ſwimming in them, of the form and ſize of a mallard, the body of a brown colour, except that there was a white ring very viſible round the eye. Thoſe who are ſtill alive, and pretend to have ſeen theſe birds, ſay that they not only ſwim, but alſo dive in the boiling water, and that if any perſon approaches, they continue a long time under the water, and ſometimes cannot be ſeen to emerge at all. It is difficult to give credit to this circumſtance, though ſo confidently affirmed by numbers of people now alive, whoſe aſſertions are deſerving of attention. Their plumage, their legs, and bills, protected by a callous ſkin, might endure the boiling water in ſwimming, but in diving, what is to become of their eyes, unleſs we ſhould ſuppoſe that they poſſeſs ſome callous ſubſtance upon their eyelids which they muſt always keep ſhut while under the water? But further, what can be the quality of the blood of theſe birds? It is well known, that owing to the properties of their blood, ſea birds cannot dive, and if the birds here ſpoken of do really exiſt, they muſt be of an amphibious character, and the diſcovery of them will be a grand and intereſting novelty in natural

hiſtory. But without dwelling any longer on this point, it may be diſmiſſed with the obſervation, that the exiſtence of theſe birds will be conſidered as fabulous till diſcovered and examined by thoſe whoſe ſcientific knowledge may preclude the poſſibility of miſtake.

The degree of heat in all theſe hot ſprings is almoſt always the ſame. In the water, Fahrenheit's thermometer roſe to 182 degrees, and out of the water in the ſmoke or vapour near the ſurface, to ninety degrees. Several ſprings, however, are ſo much agitated, that it is impoſſible to introduce the thermometer into the water. But upon the whole it appears that the water in the ſprings of which we have ſpoken, is ſomewhat hotter than that of the hot ſprings in the other quarters of Iceland.

ACCOUNT *of* JOSEPH CLARK.

[From Eccentric Biography.]

A Very extraordinary poſture-maſter, of Pall-Mall, who though a well-made man and rather corpulent, exhibited, in the moſt natural manner, almoſt every ſpecies of deformity and diſlocation. He frequently diverted himſelf with the tailors, by ſending for one of them to take meaſure of him, but would ſo contrive it as to have a moſt immoderate riſing in one of his ſhoulders: when the clothes were brought home and tried upon him, the deformity was removed into the other ſhoulder; upon which the tailor aſked pardon for the miſtake, and altered the garments as expeditiouſly as poſſible: but upon another trial, he found him perfectly free from blemiſh about the ſhoulders, though an unfortunate lump appeared upon his back. In ſhort, this wandering tumour puzzled all the workmen about town, who found it impoſſible to accommodate ſo variable a cuſtomer.

He diſlocated the vertebræ of his back and other parts of the body in ſuch a manner, that Molins, the famous ſurgeon, before whom he appeared as a patient, was ſhocked at the ſight, and would not even attempt his cure. He often paſſed for a cripple with perſons whom he had been in company with a few minutes before. Upon theſe occaſions he would not only change the poſitions of his limbs, but entirely alter the figure of his countenance. The powers of his face were more extraordinary than the flexibility of his body: he would aſſume all the uncouth grimaces that he ſaw at a quaker's meeting, the theatre, or any other public place. He died about the beginning of King William the Third's reign.

For a more particular account of this very remarkable perſon, ſee the Philoſophical Tranſactions, for July, 1698.

Narrative

Narrative of the late Rebellion in Ireland.

(Continued from Page 70.)

THE leaders, whom the Connaught rebels found among themſelves, were, as may be ſuppoſed from what has been ſaid of their giving countenance to depredation, almoſt without exception a moſt ignoble ſet of men. "Bellew, their earlieſt officer, was a drunken brute to whom nobody paid obedience, even before he was turned out of office by the commandant. Little better either for talent or ſobriety, was O'Dowd, a man of ſome eſtate in the county, and almoſt the only gentleman that took arms with the rebels, for which he paid the forfeit of his life at Ballinamuck. Mr. Richard Bourke of Ballina had ſome military knowledge, was a good drill ſerjeant, firm in combat, and popular; ſo that he might have done the harm he wiſhed, if the habitual ſtupefaction of drink had not been an overmatch for his malice. O'Donnel knew nothing of arms, nor was he likely to learn the profeſſion quickly, his petulance making him unfit for diſcipline. Yet the vulgar, who can diſcern in others what they have not in themſelves, followed this young man more readily than any other who pretended to lead them, becauſe they ſaw he had more ſenſe, more command of himſelf, and more moderation in the exerciſe of authority. Even the loyaliſts at Killala acknowledged obligation to him for the induſtry with which they ſaw him exert himſelf to prevent pillage, patroling the ſtreets on horſeback for ſeveral nights together, and withholding both by threats and perſuaſion thoſe he found bent upon miſchief."* This teſtimony, whatever were his failings, is extremely honourable to the memory of O'Donnel, who had come from the country of Erris, and was killed in battle by the king's troops in the retaking of Killala.

The exertions of three Frenchmen and O'Donnel for the protection of loyaliſts were continually required more every day, eſpecially after the news arrived of the capture of Humbert's army at Ballinamuck. "The intelligence did not ſeem by any means to produce on the minds of the rebels the effect that might naturally have been expected, their gradual diſperſion and return to their own homes. On the contrary, the reſort to the camp in the biſhop's meadows grew greater every day, the talk of vengeance on the proteſtants was louder and more frequent, the rebels were drilled regularly, ammunition was demanded, and every preparation made for an obſtinate defence againſt the arms of their ſovereign. Careleſs of the future, or truſting to the delay which muſt be occaſioned by the diſtance of the king's army, they thought of nothing but living merrily as long as they might, upon the property that lay at their mercy, and

* Narrative, &c. p. 127, 128.

and they did uſe their power of doing miſchief moſt terribly."* On the 19th of September the clamour for impriſonment of the proteſtants as hoſtages became ſo violent, that probably the fatal meaſure would have been adopted, in ſpite of the utmoſt endeavours of the humane and ſpirited officers, if it had not been prevented by a ſtratagem of the biſhop.

He propoſed that two ambaſſadors, the one a rebel chieftain, named Roger M'Guire, the other a loyaliſt, Dean Thompſon, ſhould go to the commander of the king's forces at Caſtlebar, with a flag of truce; and a letter from himſelf, ſetting forth to the commander the ſituation of the proteſtants at Killala, and expreſſing their hope that nothing would be done to the priſoners at Caſtlebar which might provoke repriſals on the proteſtants at Killala. Theſe ambaſſadors returned from their perilous journey in the evening of the 21ſt. "Dean Thompſon, though cloſely watched by his fellow meſſenger, as long as the latter was able to keep himſelf awake, had found means to have a private conference with General Trench." Doubtleſs the reſult of this converſation was a very polite letter from the general to the biſhop, "aſſuring him that his priſoners were, and ſhould be, treated with all poſſible tenderneſs and humanity. The letter was publicly read to the multitude, and left in their hands."† This cauſed at leaſt an irreſolution among the inſurgents, numbers of whom had that day menaced the proteſtants, and their abettors, as they called the French; and had declared a determination of chooſing new leaders, and of plundering the town that very evening, in ſpite of the French and of O'Donnel. This irreſolution moſt fortunately continued, notwithſtanding that early the next morning "the loyaliſts were deſired by the rebels to come up with them to the hill on which the needle-tower is built, in order to be eye-witneſſes of the havoc a party of the king's army was making, as it advanced towards them from Sligo. A train of fire too clearly diſtinguiſhed their line of march, flaming up from the houſes of unfortunate peaſants. "They are only a few cabins," remarked the biſhop; and he had ſcarcely uttered the words, when he felt the imprudence of them. "A poor man's cabin," anſwered one of the rebels, "is to him as valuable as a palace."‡

Theſe inſurgents, thus irreſolute to kill in cold blood, ſhewed no want of reſolution in defence of their poſt when aſſailed by the army, as is already mentioned in the account of the retaking of Killala. The narrator often quoted ſays elſewhere, "to do them juſtice, the peaſantry never appeared to want animal courage, for they flocked together to meet danger whenever it was expected. Had it pleaſed Heaven to have been as liberal to them of brains as of hands, it is not eaſy to ſay to what length

* Narrative, &c. p. 117.
† Narrative, &c. p. 133, 134.
‡ Narrative, &c. 135.

of miſchief they might have proceeded; but they were all along unprovided with leaders of any ability."* What moſt ſurpriſes me is, that theſe peaſants, after having been ſo long drilled under the inſpection of French officers, ſhould yet not know how to take aim at an enemy. In his account of the retaking of Killala, the narrator ſays, "we kept our eyes on the rebels, who ſeemed to be poſted with ſo much advantage behind the ſtone walls that lined the road. They levelled their pieces, fired very deliberately from each ſide on the advancing enemy; yet, ſtrange to tell! were able only to kill one man, a corporal, and wound one common ſoldier. Their ſhot in general went over the heads of their opponents."† The Wexfordian inſurgents, without any ſuperintendance of French officers, learned, by experience of combat, in a ſhorter time, to level their guns with more fatal effect.

Beſide religious bigotry and the expectation of ſpoil, the narrator of Killala aſſigns other motives as inciting the ruſtics of his neighbourhood to aſſume thoſe arms of which they made ſo ineffectual a uſe. Among theſe was their eagerneſs for the gaudy trappings of the French military dreſs, and for what was to them luxurious living; objects doubtleſs of no ſmall inducement to men unuſed to the comfort of even ſhoes and ſtockings, and to the reliſh of animal food; ſuch being the wretched condition of the peaſantry in the weſt of Ireland!

Very different in character, as has been hinted already, from the French officers, were the chiefs of the rebels, whoſe trials by court-martial commenced at Killala on the 24th of September. The firſt perſons tried were Bellew and Richard Bourke, formerly mentioned, who were found guilty that evening. "Contemptible for drunkenneſs and vulgar manners they fell without exciting a ſentiment of compaſſion. Roger M'Guire," ſays the narrator, "our late ambaſſador to Caſtlebar, occaſioned ſome delay. It was urged in his favour, particularly by Dean Thompſon, that in their late journey he had often heard him ſpeak to the people in favour of pacific meaſures and of lenity to the proteſtants. On the other hand, General Trench and his officers could not readily forget the inſolent behaviour of this young fellow at Caſtlebar, under which aſſumed carriage he ſtrove to conceal his apprehenſion of danger, when he was ſo grievouſly, and indeed ſo inconſiderately threatened by Mr. Dennis Browne and others, on his entering the town." Inconſiderate indeed muſt have been this threatening, adapted plainly, though doubtleſs not intended, to cauſe the maſſacre of the proteſtants of Killala, including the biſhop and his family. This man, however, whoſe embaſſy had contributed to ſave the lives of

* Narrative, &c. p. 127.
† Idem, p. 149.

of ſo many proteſtants was not put to death. He was, after a long impriſonment, " tranſmitted to Caſtlebar, where at laſt he received ſentence to be tranſported to Botany-bay."*

Numbers of other chiefs and inferior inſurgents were tried and executed here and elſewhere.—Among theſe, particular notice and particular compaſſion are due to two men, who, Iriſhmen by birth, had been in the military ſervice of France before the invaſion, had come into Ireland in the French fleet, and had, as well as the beſt of the French officers uſed the moſt active exertions to ſave the lives and properties of loyaliſts. Theſe were Bartholomew Teeling and Matthew Tone, whoſe generous humanity, made evident in their trials, and ſteady fortitude under ſentence and execution, command our pity, and for their perſonal qualities our eſteem. They were tried in Dublin barrack, and executed; the former on the 24th of September, the latter a few days after.

Narrative, &c. p. 165, 166.

(To be continued.)

On STENCILLING.

ON this proceſs, which is employed in different manufactures, Mr. T. Gill furniſhes a very uſeful hint, and may poſſibly lead to an extenſion of the uſe of ſtencils:

" Wiſhing," ſays he, " to produce ſome copies of a miniature profile, lately taken by Mr. Hawkins's patent method (viz. by a machine, which being traced over the face itſelf, at the ſame time draws the outlines of the profile on a reduced ſcale) which was cut in thin wove poſt paper; I coated it pretty thick on both ſides with the cement No. xvii. deſcribed in the Philoſophical Magazine, vol. xiv. p. 122; which dried inſtantly, and rendered it perfectly impervious to oil and water, and ſufficiently ſtiff. In ſhort, the paper became a very excellent ſtencil, with which I was enabled to multiply the profiles with as much facility as if it had been a braſs impreſſion plate. I think the above information may be uſeful to manufacturers of paper hangings, cards, floor cloths, and in ſhort to all who employ ſtencils, as a method of preparing them, far ſuperior to that in general uſe; which conſiſts in coating them with boiled linſeed oil, as the oil requires much time to become dry, and, I believe, would never render the ſtencil ſo firm and durable, as by this new proceſs."

To the EDITOR.

SIR,

THE page which you devote, in each of your numbers, to rebuſſes, charades, &c. is undoubtedly an intereſting one to many of your correſpondents. Their formation and ſolution is an innocent relaxation after ſerious thought. They may even excite to thought people that would think vigorouſly upon nothing elſe, and thought begun in rebuſes and conundrums may end in ſomething more important. A page therefore ſo amuſing, and probably ſo uſeful to ſome of your readers, I do not wiſh to ſee occupied by any thing elſe; but may you not ſometimes afford another, for the inſertion and ſolution of queſtions ſtill more momentous? Some of the phenomena in nature to be explained by the laws of natural and chemical philoſophy, or ſubjects in natural hiſtory, might *they* not be propoſed in the form of queſtions, and attempts at anſwering them call into exertion a ſtill greater range of intellect, be very entertaining, and the anſwers prove conducive to the general diffuſion of the moſt uſeful of all human ſciences?

Weymouth. A LOVER OF SCIENCE.

The editor, in compliance with the ſuggeſtion of this correſpondent, propoſes the following queſtion to his philoſophical readers:

WHAT are the cauſes of cold in the higher regions of the atmoſphere, and what is the term of perpetual congelation (by which is meant the preciſe height in the atmoſphere, or the number of feet above the earth where it firſt freezes all the year round), at the equator, at lat. 45, or near the lat. of the Alps, and at the lat. in Dorſet?

ANTIQUE CURIOSITIES.

SOME curioſities lately found in digging oppoſite the Eaſt-India Houſe in Leadenhall-ſtreet, prove to be exceedingly valuable. About ten feet below the ſurface of the ſtreet, the workmen finding ſomething hard, it was immediately inſpected by that reſpectable antiquarian Mr. Wilkins, by whoſe directions and aſſiduity a perfect urn was ſoon brought out. It contained a quantity of bones, among which a finger and jaw-bone were plainly diſcernible. A beautiful Roman teſſelated pavement was alſo diſcovered, and by the nice attention of the ſame gentleman, one piece of about four ſeet by two was raiſed uninjured. The entire pavement ſeems to have been a ſquare of nine feet, in the centre of which is an elegantly adorned circle of four feet, containing a Bacchus holding a wand, and riding on a tiger; the figure is in a purple robe, and the attitude of the beaſt is very grand; his head looking at the figure on his back, one of his fore feet raiſed, ſtepping well forward, and the tail extended.

Anſwer, by R. Horſey, of Wellington, to W. Bickham's Anagram, inſerted the 12th of December.

ROUGE is a paint that ladies wear,
To hide defects they can't repair;
And rouge, ye gents. aright tranſpos'd,
A ROGUE doth clearly ſtand diſclos'd.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from T. Rutger, of Clowance; A. Kyne, of Dartmouth; W. Brutton, of Kingſbridge; and W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton.

Anſwer, by W. Strong, of Exeter, to P. Gove's Enigma, inſerted December 12.

HAIL fam'd Chriſtmas! cauſe of joy!
May nought thy pleaſures e'er deſtroy!
For tho' DECEMBER's winter frown
Spreads deſolation all around,
Yet ſtill there's joy, there's comfort ſeen,
And pleaſure beautifies the ſcene.

*** We have received the like anſwer from R. Holwell, of Exeter.

A REBUS, *by Primroſe, of Taunton.*

FAR from din of cities wandering,
Now the air is quite ſerene,
See the ſilver ſtream meandering,
And the *trees* embrown the ſcene.
Loſt in thought while contemplating
Qualities of Deity;
Or, enliven'd, celebrating,
Some reſplendent *victory*.
Kept aloof the *thing* diſtreſſing
Which impedes the ruſtic joys;
Calm amidſt the greateſt *bleſſing*,
That the nobler mind enjoys.
The initials now arranging,
You'll diſplay an author's name,
And to guard you from eſtranging,
Virtue's ſons will ſpeak his fame.

An ENIGMA, *by J. Paſcal.*

CONFIN'D in a dungeon I lay,
Alas! 'tis no uſe to repine:
Tho' I'm working all night and all day,
So hard is this fortune of mine.
My maſter his pleaſure enjoys,
And 'tis cruel in him I proteſt,
To keep me in conſtant employ,
Without e'en a moment of reſt.

How often I envy his ſtate,
Who at night to his bed can repair,
And by ſleeping his evils abate,
And drive away ſorrow and care.
As for me no ſuch bliſs is in ſtore,
Till time cauſe my labours to ceaſe;
Then like others, as wretched and poor,
I ſhall reſt in oblivion and peace.

POETRY.

MORNING.

[From MILESHILL, a Poem by T. SHOEL, Author of ſeveral eſteemed Pieces of Sacred Muſic.]

THE riſing ſun
Prepares thro' heaven his daily courſe to run;
What brilliant ſcenes of grandeur fill my eyes!
What tides of radiance ſtream along the ſkies!
Stupendous globe! vaſt magazine of fire!
Of light the fountain, never to expire
'Till that almighty breath which wak'd thy flames,
By the ſame fiat, quenches all thy beams.
For nothing leſs than infinite could be
The power that form'd, and ſtill continues thee;
That in thy orb could ſtore ſuch floods of light,
And roll it, flaming, thro' the realms of night!
Bid ancient chaos with thy ſplendours glow,
And day's bright bleſſings cheat the world below.

NIGHT.—*From the ſame.*

BUT ſee! the ſun is ſunk beneath the ſea,
And bears to weſtern climes the falling day:
Lo! ſable night reſumes her wonted throne,
Begirt around with her reſplendent zone.
Silence attends, that huſhes every breath,
And all is ſtill as tho' 'twere nature's death,
Save where the zephyrs flit on balmy wing,
And to the ſenſe their fragrant treaſures bring,
Or muſic wakes ſweet Philomela's ſong,
And bids it thrill the darkling ſhades among:
The waiting echoes, hovering around,
Repeat the lonely minſtrel's matchleſs ſonnd,
And care, reclin'd on evening's downy breaſt,
Is by the melting ſolo charm'd to reſt.

A LOYAL SONG *of an* OLD SOLDIER temporally!

[To a pretty ancient Scotch air, commencing "Saw ye Johnie coming, &c." —*Traveſty.*]

SAW ye *Bone'* coming, quo' ſhe, ſaw ye *Bone* coming?
Saw ye *Bone* coming, quo' ſhe, ſaw ye *Bone* coming?
With his red bonnet* on his head, and his conſcripts running,
With his red bonnet on his head, and his conſcripts running, quo' ſhe, and his conſcripts running.
O! fight him father, fight him father, fight him father, fight him!
O! fight him father, fight him father, fight him father, fight him!
For he is a bloody dog, and an evil doing;
And a'the work about his camps is treachery and ruin, quo' ſhe; treachery and ruin.

* *Bonnet rouge republican.*

Saw

Saw ye *Volly*† coming, quo' ſhe, ſaw ye *Volly* coming?
Saw ye *Volly* coming, quo' ſhe, ſaw ye *Volly* coming?
With his white feather in his hat, and his pikemen running,
With his white feather in his hat, and his pikemen running, quo' ſhe, and his pikemen running.
Fight them *Volly*, fight them *Volly*, fight them *Volly*, fight them!
Fight them *Volly*, fight them *Volly*, fight them *Volly*, fight them!
For they are all ſad reprobates, robbers, thieves, and villains,
And all the work about their camps is murder, wreck, and ruin, quo' ſhe, murder, rape, and ruin.‡

† Volunteers.

‡ Aſk the Flemiſh, the Dutch, the Italians, the Swiſs, and the Hanoverians, if the laſt verſe is not a melancholy truth?

Lines ſacred to the Memory of Mrs. A. H. Holdſworth, of Mount Galpin, Dartmouth, who departed this Life on the 4th of January, 1804, in her 22d Year.

TYRANT of all our loves, and friendſhips here!
Behold thy beauteous victim! ah! 'tis thine
To rend young hearts, and ſtart the tend'reſt tear,
Where joy ſhould long in cloudleſs radiance ſhine.

Alas! the mourning muſe in vain would paint,
Bleſt ſhade! how purely paſt thy life away;
Or with the meekneſs of a ſavour'd ſaint,
How roſe thy ſpirit to the realms of day.

'Twas thine to fill each part that gladdens life,
Such as approving angels ſmile upon;
The faultleſs daughter, parent, friend, and wife,
Virtues ſhort-liv'd! they ſet juſt as they ſhone.

Thus in the boſom of ſome winding grove,
Where oft the penſive melodiſt retires,
From his ſweet inſtrument, the note of love
Soothes the rapt ear, but as it ſoothes, expires.

Farewell pure ſpirit! o'er thy violet grave
Oblivion ne'er ſhall ſpread her ivy ſhade,
Nature ſhall bid her richeſt foliage wave
Where her repoſing, favourite child is laid.

There widow'd fondneſs oft, when ſummers bloom,
Shall with thy infant pledge of love repair,
Oft ſhall they kneel beſide thy moſſy tomb,
And tears ſhall dew the flowers that bloſſom there.

Totnes, January 8, 1804.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

IMPROMPTU.

THAT breaſt which knows not jealous fear,
Has ſurely never lov'd ſincere:
Then ſay, my deareſt Delia! why
You bid me heave this ardent ſigh?
Is it a faithful heart to prove?
Or can you doubt my youthful love?
If it be ſo, in truth I own
I ſigh—but 'tis for you alone.

Devon, PLYMPTONIUS.